

## POOR SMITH

By DWIGHT S. WISEMAN

RICHARD SMITH and John Jones were great friends. They were alike in many respects; but there was this difference between them,—that Smith was an ardent churchman and was inclined to take things seriously, while Jones did not go to church very often and was inclined to take everything more lightly.

One day these two friends happened to be strolling along together, when the conversation drifted around to this difference between them. Smith had been telling Jones that his course was all wrong and that he ought to change his views and go to church, giving his reasons therefor. To this Jones listened attentively, and seemed much impressed.

"Your argument seems very logical," said Jones when Smith had paused; "but," with a twinkle in his eye, "there is one point you did not mention which has just occurred to me, and on which I should like a little enlightenment."

"What is it?" said Smith. "I'll be very glad to explain it if I can."

"It is this," replied Jones: "How does it happen that a man may be a church member and a heathen at the same time?"

"I don't understand you," said Smith. "How can a man be a church member and a heathen at the same time? You are joking. You know he can't."

"But I say he can. Take yourself, for example. I will emphatically assert that I can prove in eight words that you are a heathen; and furthermore I can convince you of it."

"I know you can't do anything of the sort. You are trying to put up a bluff. And to make you back down I will agree to this: If you can prove either in eight words or in eight hundred that I am a heathen, to my satisfaction, I will give you a pair of gloves; but if you do not prove it, you must give me a pair. I hate to take the gloves on such an easy proposition; but it will teach you a lesson."

"All right, it's a go," said Jones. Smith looked surprised. He really thought that Jones would back down. "Well, how do you intend to prove that I am a heathen?"

"Are you a woman?"

"No."

"You must be a he then."

Smith looked stupefied for an instant. Then he laughed. "Ha, ha, ha! That was a clever one. You have won the gloves all right and have proved your contention to my satisfaction. But I will get it off on someone else. Ah, there is Roy Green! I will spring it on him."

So they joined Green, who, like Smith, was a churchman. Smith plunged immediately into the subject.

"Jones has just proved to me that a man can be a churchman and yet be a heathen."

"What absurd nonsense!" said Green. "It cannot be proved. Of course a heathen may attend church; but it can't be proved that all churchmen are heathen."

"I thought so a few minutes ago myself," said Smith excitedly. "And so sure am I of this that I will agree to give you a pair of gloves if I cannot prove to your satisfaction in eight words that they are heathen; but if I do, you are to give me a pair."

"Done!" said Green. "It will be almost like robbing you. But if you are willing, I am."

"All right," said Smith.

"Proceed to prove it," said Green.

"The men aren't women," said Smith.

"No," said Green.

"Then they are hes. Ha, ha!"

"But that does not prove them heathen," Smith looked dazed. "I guess I made a mistake."

Green chuckled. "I guess you did. Fork over those gloves!"

And Smith had to buy two pairs.

Smith went home chagrined, thinking where he had made his mistake. By and by it came to him. It would go better to prove that he was a heathen as Jones had proved it to him in that way. He would get back those gloves yet!

The next day he met Brown. "Now is my opportunity!" he thought, and accosted Brown.

"Brown," he said, "I heard a clever one the other day, and that is how a man can be a churchman and a heathen at the same time. You know that I am a churchman. But did you know that I can prove that I am a heathen?"

Brown chuckled. "You don't have to prove it to me," said he. "I am perfectly willing to concede it."

## INSTINCT OF THE RACE

Continued from page 6

no reply. The old man grew disconsolate, filled with the exquisite tortures of foreboding. We talked encouragingly of miscarried mail. But we had lost our grip. It was gloom, gloom, gloom in the little shop. And since we were robbed of our active part Green and I began to lose interest. We did not go so often to the shop. We had been in the thing for fun, not as professional commiserators.

MEANWHILE the season dissolved into a late and chilly spring. It was a cheerless Saturday afternoon when we dropped in for our dress suit, having a party to attend in relays.

A heavy rain was beating down, and in the dank atmosphere of the musty shop we found Nichelstein over his work by the lamp. Green had scarcely begun to talk to the old man when he was interrupted by the opening of the shop door. A young man stamped in, closing a dripping umbrella. He called back over his shoulder:

"Come in out of the wet while I inquire."

Three women followed him. They radiated style. Even their rain-splashed water-proofs seemed to smack of the cunning of Worth or Paquin. The dignified matron who brought up the rear stifled an exclamation, and pressed a bit of filmy lace to her face as she caught the rank atmosphere of the place. The younger women, one very fair and the other very dark, gazed round the place in wide-eyed wonder as they drew their skirts tight in dainty repugnance.

"They may know," said the young man. "It will take but a moment."

Nichelstein rose uncertainly and swept his blinking eyes over the group. They rested at last on the dark young woman and fixed her with a gaze of piercing scrutiny. She bridled and turned away. Then the old man sunk back upon the bench with strange, inarticulate mutterings.

I looked again at the girl's averted face. This time I caught her profile. And then I knew, I knew! The photo that Nichelstein worshiped was in profile. I slunk back be-

hind the old man. Green and I had played with fire, kindled and fed with the heart-strings of people, and now it was attaining the dimension of a pyre.

Green had noticed nothing unusual. He stepped forward in his most resplendent manner. The young man turned to him.

"We are looking for the establishment of M. Nicholsky," he said, holding out one of our make-believe letterheads. "We do not find the building at the corner."

And then Green knew! His eyes betrayed him. He stepped before the bowed figure on the bench.

"Send them away! Send them away!" Nichelstein was moaning through his fingers.

The young man took a step forward and peered at him curiously. Then his gaze wandered over the rear of the shop. Suddenly his eyes lighted on a little shelf above the bench where, amid scrupulously clean surroundings for the filthy shop, stood two profile photographs in frames.

"Look!" he said, touching the dark girl and pointing.

Green was too slow in his screening movement. The tense stillness that fell in the shop seemed to pound against one's eardrums. There was the tingling feel of air charged with static electricity. Now for the test of race! Now for the tryout of Green's theory! Now for your blood instinct!

The girl's face filled with surprise, anger, humiliation. "Oh!" she cried, springing forward. "They are my pictures!" She spoke the English of educated Russians. She wheeled on Green, who barred the way.

"Tell me at once," she jerked out with a stamp of her foot, "tell me what they are doing in this horrible place in the possession of that filthy old Jew!"

Green's eyes were raised from the floor. His crimson gave way to pallor and his eyes took fire. A sudden flood of anger swept away his last vestige of caution—not that it mattered much now.

"You are Ruth Nicholsky," he said with a half-sneering look. "And you want an explanation, do you? Well, you shall have



**The Mine that Made Silver Polishing Cream**  
Discovered 50 years ago near the silver mines in Nevada. Produces a wonderful, snow-white substance, soft as velvet, which was accidentally found to have marvelous polishing properties. The refined product is called Electro-Silicon, and has been used with most pleasing results for half a century. For sale by most good grocers and druggists or we will supply you direct on receipt of 10c for a box of the powder, or 25c for 1/2 pt. jar of cream.

**NEWS!**

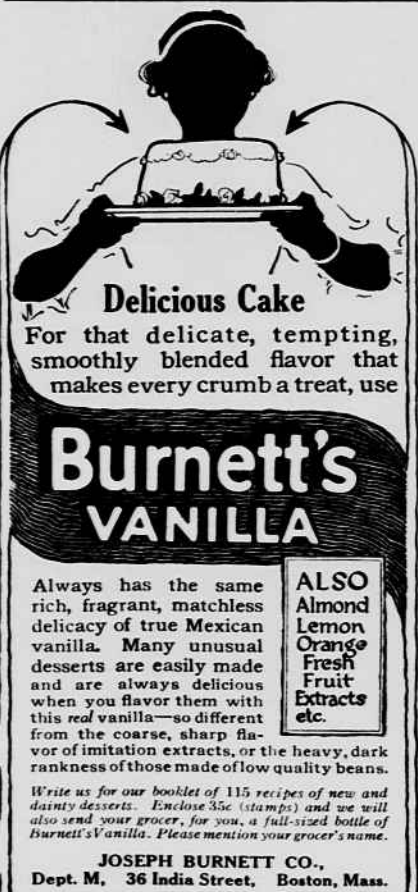
### You can now have this 50 year old Silver Polish in Cream form

If you prefer a cream polish to a powder, you can still have all the advantages possessed by Electro-Silicon Polishing Powder. Our new cream is made from the famous powder, and is identical in merit. It cannot mar the finest surface, contains no grit, no acid, no ammonia, no injurious substance of any kind. Works quickly, easily, efficiently.



**Write for samples**  
We want to send you a sample of each—powder and cream—so you can decide after a test which you will prefer. Try both on silver, gold, plated ware, brass, copper, nickel, tin, pewter, aluminum, cut glass, marble, ivory, celluloid, mirrors or glass paint. Please enclose one 2c stamp to help pay postage and packing.

**THE ELECTRO SILICON CO.**  
36 Cliff Street, NEW YORK



**Delicious Cake**  
For that delicate, tempting, smoothly blended flavor that makes every crumb a treat, use

**Burnett's VANILLA**

Always has the same rich, fragrant, matchless delicacy of true Mexican vanilla. Many unusual desserts are easily made and are always delicious when you flavor them with this real vanilla—so different from the coarse, sharp flavor of imitation extracts, or the heavy, dark rankness of those made of low quality beans.

Write us for our booklet of 115 recipes of new and dainty desserts. Enclose 35c (stamps) and we will also send your grocer, for you, a full-sized bottle of Burnett's Vanilla. Please mention your grocer's name.

**JOSEPH BURNETT CO.,**  
Dept. M, 36 India Street, Boston, Mass.

**"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN"**  
is a remarkable book, showing how Big Business picks law-trained men for its leaders. It also shows how men unable to leave home or business can, for the first time, secure a Course including the comprehensive features of the best Resident Law Schools. The Law Course and Service of the BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE is conducted by 60 eminent legal authorities. This 112-page book is inspiring, practical and free. Write for your copy to-day, to

**BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE**  
20-F Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

**RAG-TIME** Learn to play Rag-time on the Piano. We teach you quickly by mail. BOOKLET SENT FREE. Christensen School of Music 923 Christensen Bldg., CHICAGO



**24 Hours Fresher Than Fresh Fish**

**FISH FLAKES**  
CORNED COD AND HAD BROTH FOR FISH BALLS, CREAM

**BURNHAM & MORRILL**

**Eat Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes**

**10c—Sizes—15c**  
(Except in Far West)

You can have in your own home—no matter where you live—the most wonderfully fresh fish—just as fresh and flavory as the day taken from the ocean.

Fast fishing boats bring these choicest fish direct to our new, model, sanitary kitchens. Immediately prepared, cooked, perfectly seasoned and placed in sanitary, parchment-lined containers.

Economical because it's all fish. Convenient—ready for instant use.

Makes the kind of  
**Creamed Fish**  
**Codfish Balls**  
**Fish Chowder**  
**Fish Hash**  
that simply melts in your mouth.

Having a reputation for only the highest grade food specialties, **BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES** are

**A Perfect Fish Food**

Sold by most Grocers. If not at yours, send his name and 2c stamp for generous sample. Book of recipes, "Good Eating," free for the asking.

**BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.**  
29 Water Street, Portland, Me.